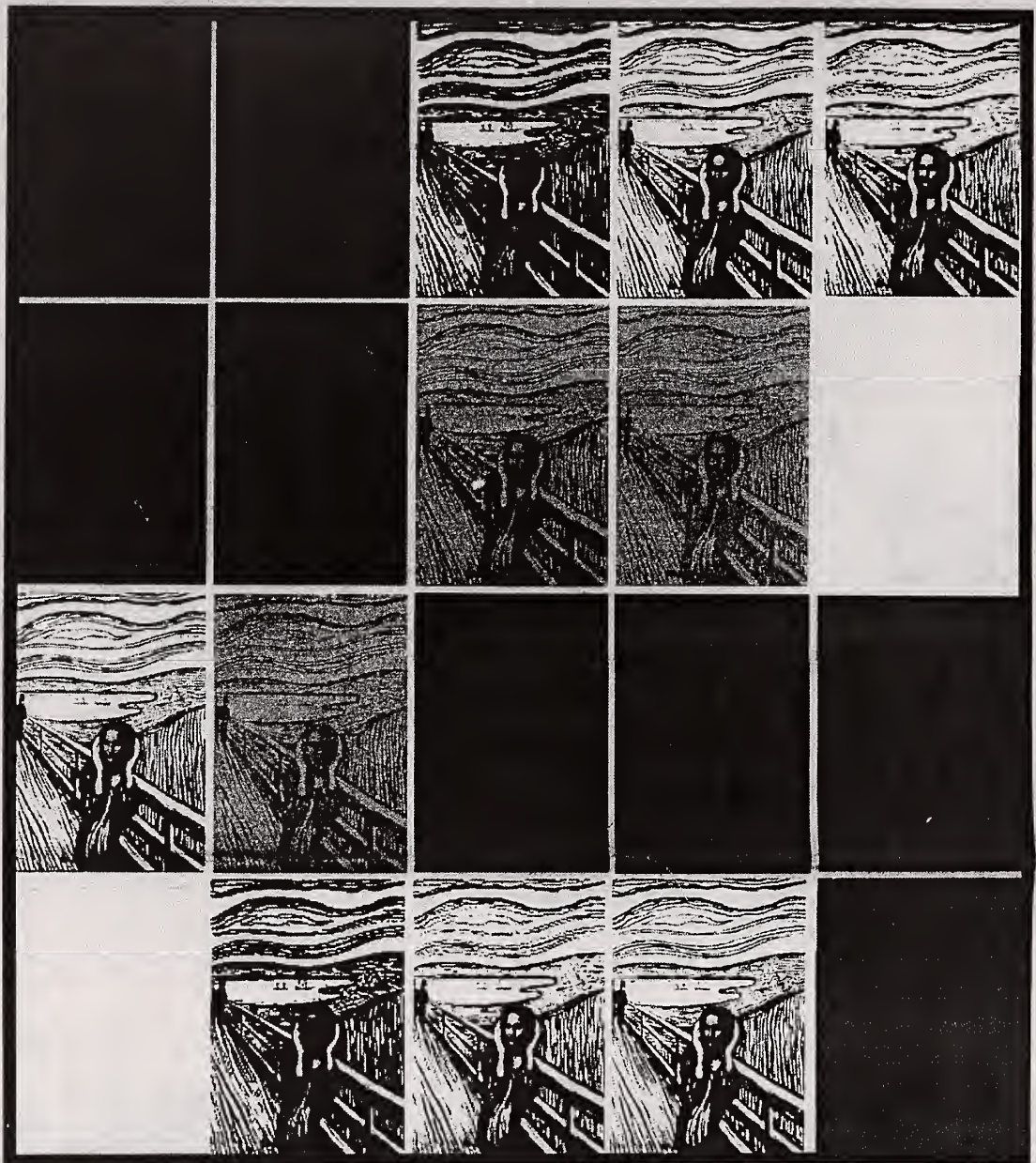


Innis Herald  
'93-'94

Nov/Dec. 1993, Jan. 1994

Volume 28

Issue 3



# The Innis Herald

november/december '93/january '94





The paper where stress  
is rampant and no one  
shows up for meetings

INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## Editorial .....

### A Big Huge Apology

As you may or (more likely) may not have noticed, the *Herald* hasn't been out for a while. We have many excuses (but you'll have to come see us in our office to hear them), so all I'm going to say is that we have been following tradition and letting things around the *Herald* get done on Innis Time, which means that things get done whenever the hell we feel like doing them. (This should come as no surprise to anyone that knows anything about Innis or about those of us that roam its halls.) Don't get us wrong; we're all as dedicated as ever, except that we're all knee-deep in shit to do for school, and coping with various life crises. Don't worry, we'll pull through. (Although it might help if we got a few submissions every now and then!)

This is admittedly a sparse issue, and so to keep with that theme I'll end this prattle. Without further ado we offer a big huge apology to everyone that submitted things way back in November. An especially big apology to Sally Ashcroft-Blake and Daniel Currie Hall, whose post-election pieces are hopelessly late in being put to print, and to Richard Williams, whose Christmas poem is also in this issue.

### Letters to the Editor

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and intelligent and legible and grammatical since we're not going to bother to edit them. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: The Editor, Innis Herald, 2 Sussex Ave, Toronto ON M5S 1J5 or drop them in our mailbox at Innis College in room 127. What the hell, come up and see us in our office, room 305 in the West wing of Innis.

Dear Editor,

I pen this letter with feverish fervour. A mere moment ago as I sat slumped in my chair pondering the perplexing wave of disinterest and ennui that has so recently swept the usually jolly, jovial Innis community, a stupendously savoury idea suddenly sublimed in my mind with such swiftness I got a little crick in my neck (it's really OK now).

It is up to the Herald to reinvigorate the pathetic, lost masses and instill in them the brightness and vivacity of a puppy or a sweet, sunny spring morning. What I am confident is essential and dare propose is the Herald must create a personal classified ads section in the newspaper for Innis students alone - a unique forum within which students can bask in the warmth of closeness, camaraderie and fellowship only the Innis community can offer.

I include what I hope will be the first of many such messages of hope:

*Dashing, red-haired bike courier/ICSS executive/student seeks buxom female who loves beautiful music, the outdoors, ice cream, and lotsa bouncy-bouncy.*

Please forward all replies to the ICSS office. For personal reasons I choose to remain anonymous.

Dear Editor,

Thank you for running my article on the Innis Film society. Just below it you ran a sarcastic little piece on David Cronenberg's *Rabid* (1976) by Aspasia Bissas. Sarcastic because the author seems to realize that Cronenberg has now joined the "Academy of the Overrated" and even mentioning *Rabid* is like making his slip show. In fact, Cronenberg himself observes no such hierarchies, but we get the point. However, the reviewer claims *Rabid* stars "no one you've ever heard of". This is not true. It stars Marilyn Chambers as Rose, who five years before gained considerable (and durable) fame as the star of *Behind the Green Door*. She was also the girl on the Ivory Soap box. From WASP icon to porn queen, she tried to go legit and *Rabid* was to be her next big step. It did not work out. Hence, *Insatiable* and *Insatiable II* and other favourites of the back room at local video stores. Your reviewer also claims the film ends too indefinitely. Yet, throwing Marilyn Chambers' corpse into a garbage truck is a pretty good example of what they mean by "closure". The other personality one knows in this film is John Gilbert (who teaches INI 224Y, Cinema and Authorship) here at Innis. Prof. Gilbert plays a Trudeauesque government official who orders the rabid citizens of Montreal shot and loaded into garbage trucks. The part is short (just one scene) but memorable since it throws this Toronto filmmaker's schlock piece into the register of political allegory. As it happens, Prof. Gilbert is teaching Cronenberg films this year in his Innis course, though not the one in which he appears.

Yours truly,  
Bart Testa.



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society, or to the printer. All printed material, however, will be free of sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous, or just plain dumb content.

If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of Your Own Being.

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# Random Thoughts .....

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...

Editors of the Herald,

I am in my final year at Innis, and am writing this eulogy to a person who has been more than helpful over the last 4 years - Linda Poulos. She was very supportive during a particularly difficult time in my academic career. Our registrar guided me through the bureaucracy at U of T and made Innis even more of a special place.

Thanks and Happy Holidays,  
Chris Hunter

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter with regards to a certain advertisement printed in the Election '93/Halloween issue of the Innis Herald. The ad was promoting The Centre, a student sexuality clinic. My problem was with the "sexual myth" - 'The Bigger the Penis the Better the Sex'. This is not a myth! I am very proud of my God-given sexual flatulence, and I dislike the way The Centre is degrading men with great penal [sic] stature. I consider my track record with the opposites to be very good, and I don't believe my success is based on sexual technique! We are very unappreciated in today's society, the media deciding to focus on guys who "get over it, and get into it".

Afterthought: In regards to G. Gavin Gunhold's letter to the Editor from last issue, I feel that Gav's seeming dominance as being Ash's sole sleep 'n' smoke partner is ludicrous. I believe, with help from my blessed apparatus, that I can oust G. Gavin and manage to lure Ash into my sleep clinic with a smoke immediately following. Sorry Gavin, I guess I'll be rutting your woman! Don't despair... tell you what - call 591-7949 ... you'll be back in the game in no time!

Sincerely Ash's (almost certainly),  
E. Normous Johnson

## A Plea From One Sleepy Human Being To Any Awake Person

by N.N. Narsis

Each and every Tuesday morning I have a class at Innis College that starts at 9:00 am. Now you may ask yourself, "So what's the big fucking deal?" What you don't know is, to get to school on time, ('cause I'm very anal when it comes to punctuality) I have to wake up every Tuesday morning at 5:00 am. Now you may again ask yourself "Why the fuck do you wake up that early just to get to class?" I'll answer your curious inquiry presently. I have to take the subway. I'm a Toronto commuter, a subway slug, a victim of public transportation. I have to wake up every Tuesday morning at 5:00 am to take a shower, get dressed, eat breakfast and head off to the Rapid Transit that takes me to Kennedy station. If I haven't been crushed to death by the angry mobs trying to catch the leaving subway, I find a seat in a corner, pull out a book and daydream about making love to Socrates, Pacino and Ed. Nine o'clock finally arrives and the lecture begins and I studiously take notes. I never participate because I'm afraid if I open my mouth, a great big yawn will erupt. So I sit there wondering how all these people can be so talkative in the morning and pretend to care about what is being discussed. The lecture does go on for two straight hours non-stop. At exactly eleven a.m. the class disperses and I head straight to the lumpy sofa beside the cafeteria entrance. Anyone who has been to Innis in the mornings knows of the famous couches. For a while I pretend I'm reading, waiting for everyone to leave so I can take a two hour nap before my next lecture. Once everyone is gone, I'm off on my well deserved vacation to la-la land. But something weird always happens, something that disturbs the self-conscious person in me. Do you know that feeling when you're asleep but you can still hear everything that's going on around you? (If you don't agree or you haven't experienced it I'm sorry) Anyway, every time I go to sleep on the Innis couch, I hear people walking by, talking in intellectual terms I don't understand. Sometimes however, I hear them make a comment about my condition.

"I guess somebody's tired!"

"She must have drunk too much at the party."

"I wonder if she's dead, she looks so peaceful."

"Oh my God! Is she drooling?"

Remarks of this nature and various others never bother me. They just keep me awake. So please, next time you see a poor soul sleeping on a couch like one of God's little angels, remember this narrative, think about what that person's nights must be like and pass by quietly, giving them a chance to dream in this crazy world of reality. Don't stand and stare, don't pass judgment and please refrain from stealing the person's wallet or jacket. Like the song goes, "walk on by", and leave them alone.

Did you ever wake up with  
essays  
on your mind?

Ease your mind.  
978-4871 Innis Writing Centre

Next time you're telling your  
friend  
about that impossible essay -  
try telling someone who can  
help.

978-4871 Innis Writing Centre

SEXUAL MYTH #2:

### SOME WOMEN JUST CAN'T HAVE ORGASMS.

Q: Is it true that some women can't have orgasms?

A: Most women, like most men, are physically capable of orgasms.

One of the reasons why some women don't "come" (i.e. have orgasms) is because a lot of us are taught to be embarrassed, shy or inhibited about our bodies and our sexuality.

A lot of women experience their first orgasm on their own. Like men, most women masturbate. Masturbating is a natural activity that can help you understand or get to know your own body and how it responds.

Letting go and enjoying your body's natural feelings means that you need to be relaxed and comfortable both mentally and physically.

SEX IS MEANT TO BE ENJOYABLE FOR WOMEN TOO!

If you would like to talk more about this or any topic related to sexuality and relationships, or to part up a female sexuality booklet that includes all the best-loved masturbation, call The Centre at 978-4871. Jean Ed Chen's phone line is toll-free in a quiet corner.

591-7949

The Centre is located at 1000 University Avenue, Toronto. Opened by Neil and Margaret Davidson and Jean Ed Chen. The Centre is located at 1000 University Avenue, Toronto. Opened by Neil and Margaret Davidson and Jean Ed Chen.

### ANXIETY WORKSHOPS

Do you often feel panic struck, flighty or physically ill due to stress and anxiety?

Do you often experience nausea, dizziness, insomnia, sweating, muscle tension but have not yet linked these to anxiety and stress?

Anxiety can affect both your performance and your overall enjoyment of life. You can develop skills to deal with these feelings.

The Counselling and Learning Skills Centre is offering free workshops on:

#### EXAM ANXIETY:

with discussion on test and academic situations,  
test taking skills, focusing attention, relaxing

#### GENERAL PERFORMANCE ANXIETY:

with discussion on general life experiences;  
identifying and coping with anxiety

Workshops are part discussion and part experiential.  
Groups are small and will meet for 1 1/2 hours once a week for 5 weeks.

For further information including dates and times call:

Jean: 978-7970

## Commentary On Preston Manning's Request for More Office Space

By Sally Ashcroft-Blake

"Pardon me ma'am, but that's my pencil sharpener."

No, this is not Mrs. Walker's grade five home room. It is, in fact, Parliament Hill, where grave injustice now smears the office space of the formal opposition.

Last Wednesday, Preston Manning made it clear to all Canadians that he was not going to be cheated out of his fair share of real estate. This translated to more official officialdom in the form of desks, chairs, walls and stationary, all appropriated for Reform Party use.

"It's only fair", he cried out indignantly to all who would listen (which is most considering the amount of media coverage accorded to such and event). And perhaps he's right. After all, there is a grand total of two seats difference between his herd and Lucien's, and if a politician needs anything it's paper and a desk to push it on.

I wonder what is to following this exciting battle for square footage. Could it be - partisan washrooms? Bed sheets between computer terminals? How about separate and distinct brands of coffee filters?

It must have been an incredibly bad news day.

Following the kind of circus election Canada was recently subjected to, such petty squabbling for territorial typewriters can come as no great surprise. Hopefully, if the Western region is ever going to find a positive and powerful voice in Canadian federal politics, this sort of dialogue will be replaced with a more constructive debate on serious issues.

But then again, when you have a formal opposition representing one province in ten and a significant other that looks like Dr. Goebbels on a bad hair day - what can you honestly expect?

## The First Herald Article Ever Written On A Sunny Thursday Afternoon By A Czech And Slovak Studies Major Over 5' 6" Tall Without Including The Preposition 'via'

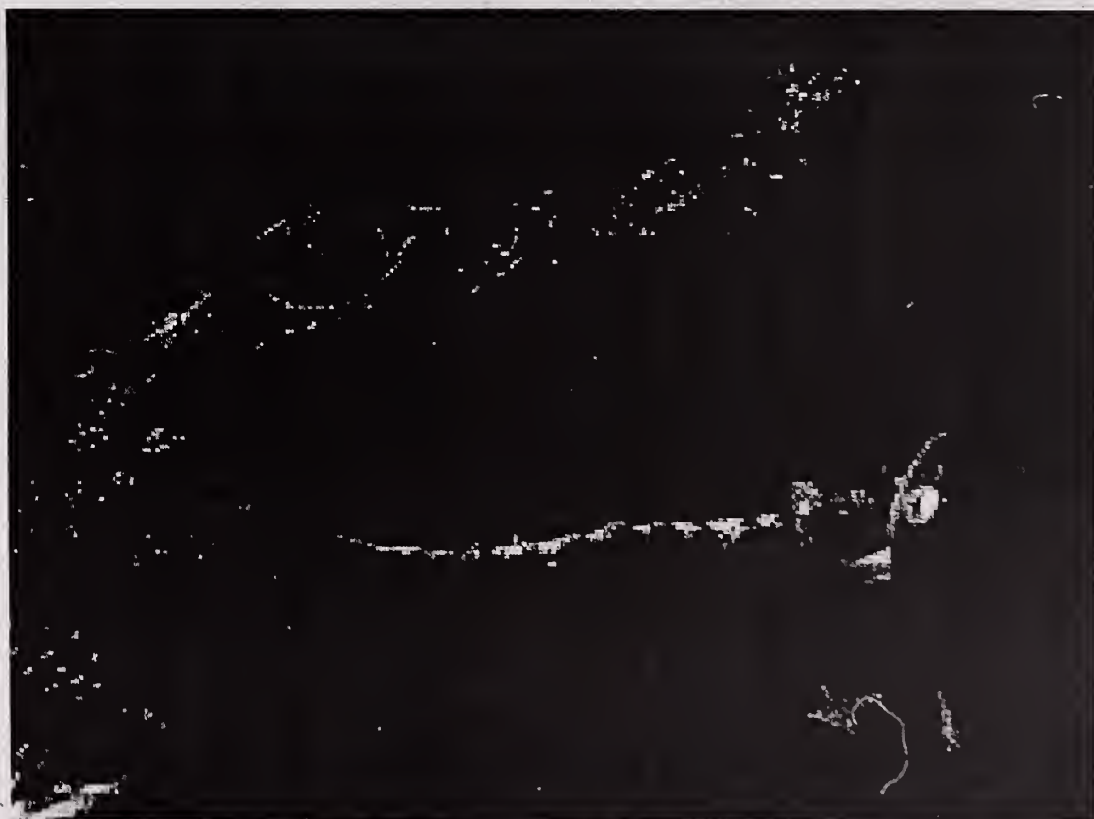
by Daniel Currie Hall

The people have spoken. Jean Chretien is to be MVP; Paul Molitor is to be PM. Or maybe it's the other way around. Either way, the die is cast, the Rubicon is well behind us, and the country has nothing to talk about anymore.

Except the statistics. Pundits, political and sporting alike, will spend weeks trying to figure out exactly what happened, but most of all trying to prove that we, the spectators and voters, were part of something special. Baseball games and elections are continually being won and lost; faced with the realities of time, we grope for reassurance that the moments we lived stand out in some small way from the infinite stream.

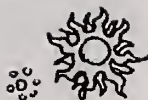
So we turn to mathematics, with its peculiar genius for describing exactly how much of a mountain a molehill can be. Thanks to the statisticians, we can say that we saw the second World Series ended by a home run, or the most overwhelming defeat of a governing party, or the highest-scoring major league game played east of the Mississippi on artificial turf under a waning gibbous moon since the Spanish Civil War, or the first time during the reign of Elizabeth II that a party has won exactly 72% of the ridings in Quebec without getting more of the popular vote than the NDP in the southern two-fifths of Saskatchewan or resorting to advertising in the Recreation section of the Globe and Mail classifieds. Statistics allow us to believe we lead interesting lives.

If these observations seem cynical, let me assure you that cynicism is not at all what I intend. Instead, I see in statistics a marvellous form of self-affirmation. Why should I be simply Daniel Currie Hall when I can think of myself as the youngest North Carolinian cellist in the Trinity-Spadina riding whose middle name begins with an unvoiced velar stop? You can do this for yourself, too. Don't worry too much about the accuracy of your statistic; just cram in lots of obscure modifiers and no one will question you. Remember: You too are unique, just like everyone else.



Jean Chretien and Preston Manning





## Environment Week:

**January 24th - 28th:**

### **Monday (24th): Personal Action Day**

- \* *Bike Parade* on St. George St. starting at 12:00pm
- \* *Film* at Hart House meeting room 2:00-4:00pm
- \* *Earth First! Talk*, International Student Centre (ISC) 4:00-5:00pm

### **Tuesday (25th): Garbage Day**

- \* *Swap shop* opening (South Borden Bldg.) 10:00-4:00pm
- \* *Toxic Waste Booth* (SidSmith)-all day
- \* *Papermaking* (SidSmith)-all day
- \* ENSU Environmental Program Information Booth (SidSmith)

### **Wednesday (26th): Tree Day**

- \* *Tree Climbing Demonstration* (Sir Dan's Quad, UC) 10:00-4:00pm
- \* *Tree GiveAway* (SidSmith) 11:00 until the trees run out
- \* Musical Band: *Shadow Puppets* 12:00 Innis Cafe
- \* *Letter Writing* for protestors arrested in *Clayoquot Sound* (Diabolos: UC Junior Common Room) 2:00-4:00pm
- \* *Wayne Roberts* shatters the myth of employment vs. environment at Innis Town Hall 7:30pm

### **Thursday (27th): Act Locally Day**

- \* *Clothing and Book Exchange* (SidSmith) 11:00-4:00pm
- \* Learn where your products come from through *Life Cycle Assessment* student projects (SidSmith) 11:00-2:00pm
- \* *Letter Writing Table* on environmental issues (SidSmith)
- \* *Papermaking Demonstration* (SidSmith) 1:00pm
- \* *WEED* (Women, Environment, Education and Development) Workshop, International Student Centre (ISC) 3:00-4:00pm
- \* *PaperMache Making* and Refreshments (Innis Cafe) 5:30pm

### **Friday (28th): Celebrate Activism !**

- \* *Civil Disobedience Workshop and Training*, International Student Centre (ISC) 10:00-12:00pm
- \* *Coffee House at Diabolos* (UC Junior Common Room) 8:00pm  
Including: - Solstice (Musical Band) - Sandy Bell (Poet)  
- Kyp Harness (Poet) - Reading of the Lorax (Dr. Seuss)  
- Presentations

#### **Locations:**

International Student Centre: 33 St. George Street

Sidney Smith Bldg.: 100 St. George Street

Innis College: 2 Sussex Avenue

South Borden Building: Corner of Spadina and Russell Street

Sponsored by Ontario Public Interest Research Group (OPIRG), Environmental Students Union (ENSU), Facilities and Services.

For more information call: OPIRG 978-7770





## Fiction and Poetry .....

### Aeneas Never Knew Such Fury

by Tim Ormond

A battle rages on and people are dying. Upon the field, men fight so viciously that they resemble a stormy sea as they run into each other. The carnage is beyond belief, one dying man sits and ponders:

Can anger as black as this prey on the minds of heaven? Certainly I am wrong to see the gods in this light, but who else can drive men to such hate. This battle carries on like a machine; its fuel is flesh and blood, the exhaust is filthy gore.

And so, here I lie in my own life's blood. My mind is still intoxicated from the fight, it still rages with the hot blood of wrath. But for me the fight is over and now my rage is diverted to my own sorry end.

"How can I be left here to die?", the question pounds through my head. The question rages in my skull as if a smith was forging a sword, the force of his hammer blows shocking every cavity, bone and tissue of my cranium. The sound shakes all reasonable thoughts out of my minds. And why not? Am I not about to die with my face under someone else's foot?

My entire life now comes down to this last vicious desire to kill. I need retribution for my own like. I will shower the field with the blood of my foes. No dirge will be loud or sorrowful enough to mourn the losses I will cause.

I struggle to my knees and a nurse comes to attend me.

"Lie down!" yelling over the tumult, "Let me take off your armour so you may die unburdened." He starts to loosen my armour. And for a moment I let him, I feel weak and his kindness easily placates my dying body. Then my need to kill bursts through my veins and I will not let his kindness subdue me.

"Do not touch me!" My sword swings across him and his head falls to the ground.

I tie my armour back on. As I do this I realize the tighter I do it the more intense and angry I become. I tighten it so hard that it hurts; my ferocity is augmented ten-fold. It is so tight that I feel like I am about to explode. I get up and kill.

The storm rages on, yet gradually those waves of slaughter are interrupted by him. The storm eventually stops in wonder. He kills all who he sees, friend and foe. As he murders, his mind becomes a slide show. Every wonderful memory flashes upon the screen and the more he sees the more stoked his fire becomes. He realizes that he will never know joy, love or happiness ever again and so his anger increases with each and every image. Paralyzed with fear, they can only stand and wait for him to kill them. Indeed he was right; no dirge will be loud or sorrowful enough to mourn his murdering.

Can anger as black as this prey on the minds of men? Yes. Men as angry as this prey on the soul of heaven; they turn the universe into hell.

### I Saw A Gory Murder Rubbin' Crotches An' Dodgin' Bullets

by Fifi Duval

Al the gangster came towards us thru th' crowd in a custom suit, shakin' hands an' noddin' t' people. His shoulders were broad, his waist trim, his legs long. He was dark. His hair, eyes and moustache were all black, but his cheeks were rosy. He was flushed and his lips were wet. He licked them again before arriving at our table, and I realized he was drunk ... his face gave him away even though his body remained sure. His moustache made him look younger than his 25 years. By the time he'd made it over to us, he'd climbed 2 flights of stairs (our table had the best view in the house). He was breathing hard, sweating and smiling. He stood over me, and under heavy lids caught me staring at his white teeth. For a second I realized I shouldn't o' come. "Wanna dance?" he drawled, I nodded and grinned. As I took his arm, I felt the large gun in his shoulder holster. I wondered if it dug into him an' made him uncomfortable, like the way the lil' pistol I'd stuck into my bra made me? Before we left the table, we each had a few shots o' S.C. (Southern Comfort, y'all!). Ben, Leeza an'



by Jon Hunter

my bro' hair decided t' follow us into th' dance hall.

The music was loud, and the booze flowed like black water. Al an' I had been doin' the wahtsoosie serious on th' dance floor fo' 'bout an hour. Hair and Ben'd also picked up some chicks (two redheads) and were goin' hogwild. I'd never seen 'em like that before. The whole place was shakin'; the horns blared, the folks writhed around, the red strobe flashed. I 'magine from the balcony this place looked jus' like a snake pit. Al an' I were rubbin' our crotches t'gether rhythmic'ly. His whole body was hard. I felt his gun an' he felt mine. I looked over an' saw Leeza drinkin' Tequila outta a fifth, sittin' on th' lap o' some big guy in a suit w' long blonde hair. They were smokin' a joint. Every so often Ben an' Hair'd bop over like dancin' Egyptians and take hits off it. I was drinkin' gin outta Al's silver mickey and was tryin' t' smell his cologne. That's when it happened. I don't know how. Al disappeared. I walked toward Leeza with Ben, an' heard a gunshot. Hair was runnin' outta the john with his Magnum out, his eyes wild. People started screamin'. I pulled out my lil' gun, Leeza pulled out both hers, an' Ben whipped out his cop revolver an' flipped over a table. The band boogied on ... guess they were used t' this kinda shit. A man had followed Hair outta th' john, limp'in'. This man only had one leg. I knew, in my drunken state, that this was the asshole who'd broken into my family's house, and now he was aimin' t' shoot my bro' with a hand gun. So I shot him. But couldn't tell if 'n I got 'im 'cause all hell'd broken loose. It was a reg'lar down-home French Quarter bar brawl!



Thursday February 3, 1994

University College

East and West Halls

11 am to 3 pm



# A Story For Squirrel Lovers

by Huge Dare

It was a typical night just outside of Innis College. I had just left my study group and was on my way home. For a change I left by the cafeteria exit, and wandered over the field. I slowed my pace, for I saw a tiny black squirrel making some bizarre jerking motion on the ground. The squirrel looked like it was trying to rip something from out of the earth.

I love to tease squirrels, and this was no exception. Normally I would get their attention and laugh at them when they beg for food. I sucked at my teeth, making a loud kissing sound.

The squirrel continued it's jerking motions, it's face against the ground.

I tried to get it's attention again. I repeated the obscure sound a few more times.

The squirrel stopped and looked up at me. It was very hard to see this dark creature as it stood. It stared at me intently with its paws raised. Frozen like a little statue, I called out to it again.

My tongue touched my teeth and gently sucked. The loud piercing sound was made several more times.

The squirrel began to do its little bounce towards me. A beautiful little creature with a beautiful little dance. It floated in the air with each bounding jump. With perfect arcs the squirrel leapt its way through the night.

At closer inspection, I noticed something unusual. The squirrel's lips were stained a deep red.

"Th ... That's blood!" I whispered in cold shock.

Blood curdling off the squirrel's lips, it leapt into the air at me. Its tiny claws outstretched in a striking attack.

I screamed.

Claws dug into my flesh and I felt its teeth chipping at my bone. In a bloodied frenzy the squirrel tore out small chunks of human debris. I fought viciously. I tried to tear the squirrel off of my body, but its teeth had sunk too deep. Blood running down its lips, the squirrel renewed its deadly attack.

Bones snapped and pools of blood streamed down open wounds. I stared in horror to see my own entrails lying out on the open grass. I fell, arms raised towards the stars. Steam slowly hovered above the fresh body.

The squirrel raised its short tiny head. With the moonbeams shining down behind, the squirrel howled.

It was a loud death-like howl that sent shivers down the back of a vagrant who sat a few blocks away.

I look back at that night. It's a night I don't like to think of. I know that somewhere, out on the Innis campus, a squirrel is waiting there. It waits, for the next foolhardy person to tease it. And then, it shall strike again .....



## Two Sneezes And One Alternate View

by David Halporn

I  
Forking fire nostrils  
in a lame sky blue roadway  
Die! Prometheus

II  
Gaze to the pale sky  
Therein lies your God;  
Asleep!  
Hush little baby

I  
If a heap of dove  
with severed wings  
and a sorry beak  
lands at your feet

Step carefully  
for his beating heart  
could be your life

And the people  
who cast him there  
are  
only  
apes.

## Ye Olde Tavern Christmas Party

by Richard Williams

"Come one, come all, come  
drink some wine  
And drown yourself in liquors  
fine  
And make sure each of you  
tastes some  
Of our fine domestic rum.  
And over there's some alcohol;  
One sip will make you trip and  
fall  
With whiskey that's so  
overproof  
It'll have you blasting through  
the roof;  
Here's vodka and some  
frothing ale  
And here comes brandy by the  
pail  
And barrels of champagne on  
ice  
With proof to split your vision  
thrice.  
Have daiquiris and cognac too  
And fill your mugs with our  
best brew  
Test our martini's and our gin  
No need to put the tonic in.  
This is a festive time of year  
So pass the sherry and the beer.  
And tomorrow at this time  
I'll make a toast of crimson  
wine  
To any man who still can stand  
And heartily I'll shake his  
hand.  
So come ye all and test the best  
And boast your mettle with the  
rest  
And raise your mugs of spirit  
spice  
And let us drink to paradise."

## Reaction To An Obituary

by Daniel Currie Hall

Someone told me the other  
day:

"Romance Is Dead!"

and I guess it's kind of sad,  
but we were never close.



## Reviews

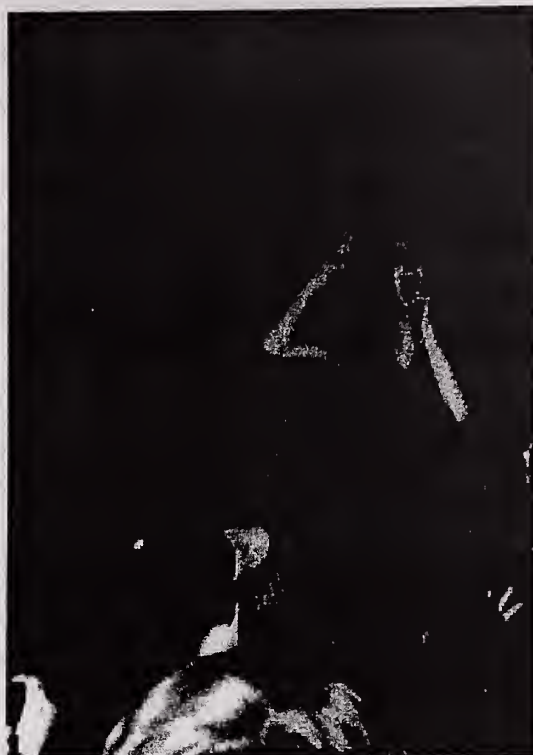
### Mesmerizing Codeine & Mazzy Star St. Johnny, Codeine, Mazzy Star: Lee's Palace, Nov. 12, '93

by Minesh Mandoda

As people started to pour in during the St. Johnny set, it was clear that this night's attendance was anxiously waiting for Codeine and Mazzy Star. This must have been particularly evident to the band, as they were for the most part apathetic to the crowd's response (or maybe they were just tremendously burnt out from touring). Now, I am not saying that St. Johnny is not a good band or anything, I'm just saying that... well, any Sonic Youth fan would have been there.

As for Codeine (it's all in the name), they were mesmerizing. Their minimalistic sound and the slowest tempo you've ever heard were just great. Just take any great pop tune and slow it down to about a quarter of its time and take out all the effects and that's Codeine. For all those Codeine fans who missed this performance, you missed out on an amazing version of w.

Following up Codeine were Mazzy Star, which seemed to be a perfect transition. Mazzy Star can be described as a cross between the Cowboy Junkies, with a little less



Verve at Lee's Palace

country but that same angelic voice, and also a tinge of Velvet Underground. The only damper to Mazzy Star's performance was their cold attitude towards the audience, which seemed to taint the lead singer's angel-like persona.

But besides all this, the atmosphere at Lee's palace was almost unreal. Large amounts of people just standing there talking amongst themselves (not moshing) and almost at times drowning out the bands. So, if you missed this show, well, you lose.

### Verve with Acetone Lee's Palace, Oct. 27, '93

by Minesh Mandoda

With the present wave of English bands rising into the music scene, Verve seems to be one of the last of the single syllable bands of the old generation which are still actually quite good. (The old generation of bands that I am referring to are Blur, Curve, Suede and others.) Verve's sound can be compared to Ride and Slowdive with their heavy delay guitar sound, but at the same time it's not that textural.

Their live performance, however, lives up to everything that British magazines have raved about. The show was packed with an amazing slide show filled with scenes of explosions, colours, and of course their name; all of these overlapped one another to create an interesting effect. In addition to this visual, there was a nifty light show, and of course the band's stage presence. However, Richard Verve, the lead singer, was not that interesting. But all in all, anyone who adores single syllable British bands would have loved their show and their music.

Oh yes, the opening band... Acetone are from California and were somewhat of a disappointment. Nothing too original, except for some really nice lamps on stage, adding a great ambience effect.

### Tim Burton Bares His Soul, Fellini Style

by Chris Cooling

Though he did not actually direct it, Tim Burton's *The Nightmare Before Christmas* is probably his most personally revealing piece of work. Ostensibly its director is Henry Selick, a friend of Burton's and an expert in the medium of stop-motion animation, which the film employs fluidly and beautifully. The finished product, however, has Burton's name all over it, complete with songs and score by Danny Elfman, who has composed music for all of his features. Its script is based on sketches he drew for the Disney studio as plans for a possible half-hour holiday T.V. special, a la "Frosty the Snowman".

At first glance, the story of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* seems perfect to carry on the spirit and tradition of these fables, which endeared us to their characters while subtly, or, more often bluntly, reminding us of "the true meaning" of Christmas, Easter, Hallowe'en and the like. The film suggests that holidays like these exist as separate villages in their own alternate universe, whose inhabitants spend three hundred and sixty-four days of every year preparing for their respective celebrations. The "Pumpkin King of Hallowe'entown" is Jack Skellington, a tuxedo-clad stick figure with a skull's face whose job it is to conceive and organize each year's ghoulish festivities. The film's opening number, "This is Hallowe'en", is set during Jack's latest production; his nightmarish cohorts delight in the macabre mayhem as much as usual, but our hero is left with a yearning for something better, something new, something different. During a soul-searching journey through a nearby forest, he stumbles upon the entrance to Christmastown, and, entranced by its magic, he decides his motley crew will try their hand at Christmas for a change.

Unlike its predecessors, this holiday story leaves its viewers with no fresh outlook on what Christmas or Hallowe'en is "all about"; we have seen this before, and mercifully, Burton doesn't show it to us again. Instead his aim is to show the audience the effect of Jack's creative experiment on his artistic spirit. Naturally, his Christmas is a disaster: Santa is kidnapped to make way for a skeleton that delivers toys that bite and go bump in the night. And, naturally, Jack puts everything back to normal before the credits roll. Not too normal, though, for he is left with some "great new ideas" for the Hallowe'en he intends to commit next year ...

This is where Fellini comes in; in 1963 a similar creative void led to his release of *8 1/2*, a film directed by a man struggling with his life about a film director struggling with his life while making a film about a director who ... you get the idea. A closer look at its story reveals *The Nightmare Before Christmas* to be Tim Burton's *8 1/2*. Burton, like Jack, creates spectacles of bizarre and grotesque images, resulting in films such as *Beetlejuice* and *Edward Scissorhands*. Jack has his popular but uninspired celebration; Burton's last film was *Batman Returns*. Both artists have followed their slumps by offering warped versions of Christmas themes, and hopefully both have been inspired by the results. The one important difference between the two is that Burton's vision is successful: his film has all of the originality, wit and visual style we have come to expect from his best work.

For the record, these are simply the interpretations of one humble critic. Your reaction to this film will depend on your particular tolerance for both Tim Burton movies and animated musicals. If this sounds like your cup of tea, you won't be disappointed: this film is a unique piece of art.



# F i l m Review: Kalifornia

by Aspasia Bissas

Scene: A dark and stormy night. Some kind of warehouse or factory. A lone, bearded figure.  
Scene: A party. Pretty people everywhere. Two friends standing in the kitchen; one is explaining that serial killers are sick people and need psychiatric help, not the death penalty. His friends scoff.

Scene: The storm rages on. The lone figure stands on an overpass. A car drives underneath. The figure throws a boulder at the car. The car spins out of control and crashes. The occupants inside: dead.

Thus begins *Kalifornia*, a movie which supposedly probes the deep, dark recesses of the human mind. The burning question asked: What is it that makes some of us murderers? Unfortunately, we end up with Hollywood formulas rather than enlightenment.

*Kalifornia* is about two couples on a road trip together, having met only minutes before actually leaving. One couple - Brian and Carrie - are "artsy types". She's

a photographer, he's a writer. They're taking the trip so that she can get her career going and so he can research his book on serial killers by stopping at famous murder sites along the way. The other couple - Adele and Early - are the epitome of "poor, white trash". Early is a beer guzzling, redneck stereotype, with one difference - every so often, he likes killing people. Blissfully unaware of the murderer among them, the group innocently starts down the yellow brick road, on their way to Oz.

The beginning of the trip is the best part of the movie. The interplay between the two couples as they get to know one another is amusing and at times even - dare I

say it - touching.

Unfortunately, everything after the discovery of Early's "secret" is violence and carnage with a lot of close-ups. And of course, the ending is the typical try-to-kill-the-bad-guy-in-order-to-save-the-innocent-victim-but-the-bad-guy-just-won't-die ending, even after being stabbed, hit several times (including once in the face with a shovel) and being shot. What is it about psychopaths that makes them impossible to kill?

If you like blood and guts and you don't mind a lack of intellectual stimulation, then go see *Kalifornia*, otherwise, despite a few moments, *Kalifornia* is yet another movie that could have been so much more.

# The Fly, or God = David Cronenberg part 2

by Aspasia Bissas

Shaken, not stirred. That's how I felt after watching *The Fly*. Then again, wouldn't anyone after watching (among other things) corrosive vomit melt away someone's hand? But I'm getting ahead of myself.

*The Fly* is one of David Cronenberg's more recent masterpieces and it stars Jeff Goldblum as Seth Brundle, an introverted scientist with a penchant for teleportation, and Geena Davis as a bland journalist.

Through an accident of Seth's Big Mouth, Geena the journalist gets the scoop of the year for her science magazine but then decides to keep the story a secret (temporarily) and instead work side by side with Seth and write a book about his discovery.

Of course, as is to be expected, they fall in love and end

up conducting a few side experiments on their own - but that's the least of their problems.

The story starts to get complicated when, drunk and depressed, Seth decides to teleport himself. Unfortunately he doesn't notice the fly that decides to come along for the ride. After the teleportation, Seth and the fly are one - literally. And the fun begins!

As far as acting goes, Goldblum is at his usual genius best. Geena Davis is pretty mediocre, but whether or not that's usual for her, I have no idea. Don't forget to watch for the nifty (and brief) cameo of the director himself.

The special effects are good, as per usual with Cronenberg. Only one incident of cheesy effects occurs, but we can forgive it as it occurs during a dream sequence.

Overall this movie is quite

good and definitely worth the measly \$3 it costs to rent it. In fact, I would go so far as to say that it would be worth the \$8 it would cost in the theatre.

Cronenberg manages to create a movie palatable enough for mass consumption, but still gory enough to get your attention, and is, as usual in a Cronenberg movie, a brilliant showcase of his extensive directorial abilities. And people wonder why I worship this man.

Thanks to *The Fly*, I can happily forget the aberration known as *Rabid* that I was foolish enough to review last month. Once more, my life has meaning.

P.S. I still think Brundle should have been fused with a cockroach. Just imagine - he'd be indestructible! Still, *The Cockroach* doesn't sound as good as *The Fly*. Oh well, another case of style over substance, I guess.

# Five Plays, Five Great Performances

Really Nice  
Insomniacs

141 Bathurst just  
south of Queen St.

Nov. 14, 1993

by Minesh Mandoda

Suite 201 was almost filled to capacity for the last performance of five plays by the Really Nice Insomniacs. Which was not surprising, for each of their performances were great.

Out of these five plays, four of them were outstanding comedies; *The Still Alarm*, *Sure Thing*, *Do* and *Après Opera*. The other play, *Electric Roses*, was a riveting drama, about assaulting someone you love, and the emotions felt by everyone as a result of this incident. This performance was intense, even though it was disturbed by background chatter.

Each play was just perfect, except for little faults which seemed to make the characters a bit more believable or just make the actors a bit more human. But still great!

The next performance by the Really Nice Insomniacs will start January 13th, 1994, and runs Thursday through Sunday for the next three weeks. So if you like this play as much as I do, and Really Nice Insomniacs do a performance similar to their last five, it will be great. So don't miss out, if you

## SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF ORIGINAL THEATRE (F.O.O.T.)

February 2 to 6, 1994

Sponsored by the Graduate Centre for Study of Drama at the University of Toronto, the Festival of Original Theatre (F.O.O.T.), is a conference/arts festival which seeks to bring together academia and the arts in a spirit of cross-disciplinary exchange and exploration.

The theme of this year's festival is *Crossing Borders: Bridging Communities*. The festival will run from February 2 to 6, 1994, and will include papers, performances, readings, workshops, and dance which address aspects of existing or potential relationships between various artistic and social communities. The "borders" crossed might be perceived gulfs between various art forms; the encounters in our daily lives that serve to constitute the communities we identify ourselves as part of, or separate from.

As well as conference papers addressing this year's theme, F.O.O.T. '94 will offer readings of original scripts-in-progress and workshops on vocal expression. Two programs of performances will feature eight original productions, including choreography by Me'irim Dance Company and Ballet Creole, a multi-media monologue by performance artist David MacLean, and innovative works that explore the boundaries of race, identity, spirituality, sexuality, and artistic freedom.

A detailed program of events will be available in January. For further information, please contact Shelley Scott at 978-7987.



## Reviews

### The Lemonheads Concert Hall, Sunday Nov. 21, 1993

by Ken P. Chasse

So I got into the way-sold out Lemonheads show. Seemed like everyone was envious, but it the show turned out more like a sophisticated joke. I suppose I am glad I saw them once, however, just to know what it's like - and to get a good lesson in how to save future monies, time, and dignity. I'm a fair man: I was in a good mood and ready to hear some good semi-noisy guitar pop. Which I did. They can write a good pop song - though it's not Evan Dando but Nic Dalton who's doing the writing now. I think their stuff sounds pretty much all too similar, except their covers of others' classics, but those are sure-money hits anyway.

The Concert Hall is hell for anything energetic. Gives the 600 people downstairs a clear 80 by 80 foot space to push up against and bounce off each other. Soon you're realizing that - even though everyone knows its 50 five-minutes-ago - crowd surfing is the only way out. Of course, if these 600 sweaty, jerking, frantic, mindless people are mostly females under 18 screaming all night at the top of their lungs in your ear, then things are at their worst.

Err, no. Things are much worse. These squeals are oaths of undying love and worship to our god-on-site, Evan. In my ear. And my ear rings all night with those words and their variations, and I cringe as I remember Dando leaning over, mic in hand, mouthing "I love you too! I love you!", and just wondering if he really does love me, too. He certainly loves it, all of it, lapping it up and inflating his ego into spaces only his new-found hard drug dabbings can fill.

I'm not saying that kids without a sense of discretion,

individuality or taste in appropriate figures for worship (e.g.: Steve Albini) should be killed or even banned from shows. New energetic blood is good: I haven't seen people being thrown that high in ages. But too much is too much. If I wanted to go see a self indulgent pretty-boy with droves of little girls dying for him, I woulda caught Shawn Cassidy in his prime. And, ok, so I'm a bit jealous.

Who's fault all this posing? Dando seems to be the perfect man to fool into a label's marketing dream: turn the band into a mini-Beatles, call it a phenomenon as early as possible, push hard in the female 15-18 department and yer moving units. This wouldn't work, however, if the band was more cohesive and could - or rather, would - stand up for itself. But this is Dando's band. Nic Dalton (bass, member of Godstar) and Tom Morgan (drums, ex Plunderers) are here for the ride, namely this particular tour.

It all ends up looking like they're helping Dando play a big joke on himself. The end of the show's attempt at a My-Bloody-Valentine-ish white-noise fest of ear bleeding decibels, with Dando wrapping a mic cord through his guitar strings, lying the guitar on stage, then lying down and felling it, was just plain sad. I was embarrassed for the human race, and at myself, for witnessing this self-abasing act that Dando didn't even realize he was putting himself through. I think that at that moment some might have come back to their senses - I felt a general air of unimpressedness wafting about, and not just from jaded geriatrics like myself. I really really wish I hadn't missed Redd Kross and Magnapop.

### Director: John Woo

by Jim

A gun in the face, that's what it all comes down to. Sweat, tension, action, your gun in his face, and his gun in yours, a standoff, who's going to stand down or dust off first. If this makes you uncomfortable, go take a shower and join us later, 'cause it just gets more so.

Welcome to the intense world of John Woo. The action film is locked into a feedback cycle, a cycle which has moved through several revolutions: from the Hollywood of John Wayne and Kirk Douglas, to Sergio Leone's spaghetti westerns (using half-unknown American actors filmed on the cheap in Europe), kung-fu films made in Hong Kong, back to such American exploitation directors as Abel Ferrara, and finally refined in the home of Intense - Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is the fast paced city. In the realm of pure, adrenaline-

pumping, 'oh-mi-gawd-i-donn-b-leave-it' action, you should look to the Hong Kong action film as done by John Woo. John Woo made his Hollywood debut this summer with a rather disappointing Jean-Claude Van Damme vehicle, "Hard Target". If you haven't seen any of Woo's Hong Kong films, then you may be mystified by his reputation. While the film is among Van Damme's most visually fluid, Woo was hobbled by Hollywood, and so the film hasn't the over-the-top escalation that he is known for. It is worth noting that Van Damme began his career doing Hong Kong films for Golden Harvest, one of the current champs in kung-fu films. If the likes of Cynthia Rothrock and Bolo Yeung don't ring any bells with you, then you probably haven't seen Van Damme at his best, in such feats of performance as "Kick Boxer" and "Blood Sport". Note that we're talking martial arts here, not

### Judgment Night

by Ken P. Chasse

This is your standard car-chase movie, except that the chase isn't with cars, but people, and the thing lasts the whole flick. The story starts out with a very weak scene between our hero, the grown-up Breakfast Club boy Emilio Estevez, and his wife, who is badgering him about his irresponsibility and lack of maturity. He still hangs out with his college friends, who are coming to pick him up to go see the big fight at the arena on the other side of town.

On the way, they are caught in a traffic jam, and take a detour into the omnipresent American inner city, the socio-economic nightmare of the target middle class audience. There they witness a standard American murder, and the hope for a plot stops here: the murderers decide that our naive friends must die for witnessing their deed, and the chase is on. The situations they get themselves into are completely predictable, and the acting they use to get out of them is about as thin as Tracey Gold. The sentimental soul-searching and self-discovery bits, especially those relating to the hero's responsibility problem, are real garbage; they flop as an attempt to sophisticate the movie - it can't hold up the weight of these sudden deep'n'meaningful bits. Dennis Leary, the other non-star, is almost worth watching as the hard-assed attitude-laden up-and-coming white-trash power criminal with a worldly wit and a good shave.

However, his one-liners regarding life in the criminal lane and the cool flips of his zippo begin to hurt and all we're left with is the chase. There's almost enough shooting, punching and kicking to make it under the "gratuitous violence" heading, but not quite: rent some old John Woo flicks instead. Even the suspense isn't really there; this is Hollywood and there's always a good ending so we have nothing to worry about - except our \$4.25. The only somewhat satisfying event is when one of the "good guys" gets it, but he's a materialistic see-through bastard anyway. It's pretty gory, which is cool, though there's not really a clear shot of it.

Reality takes a back seat in the flick: where do you find cops who don't arrest everyone on site after a giant shoot-out in a broken-in-to department store? How come inner city streets are always completely deserted? How can you see without a flashlight when you're 50 feet deep in the sewer system at 2am? There are many other technical problems too numerous to mention here. The only thing that could have helped woulda been the rather groovin' soundtrack: various "grunge" and rap-bands get together and make good noise - Helmet with House of Pain and Sonic Youth with Cypress Hill, among others. Unfortunately, I think only heard some of the soundtrack once during the flick: in the background whining out of a car stereo. Buy the soundtrack, skip the flick.

#### Director, continued...

acting. (And of course it is perfectly superfluous to note that Cynthia Rothrock kicks major ass - "Dragon Lady" or "China O'Brien", with Brian Robertson - the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers of martial arts). The key to these movies' plots is how they explain the central character's fish-out-of-water nature (i.e. Van Damme's accent, Rothrock's gender).

As Clarence in "True Romance" (written by Quentin Tarrantino) tries to pick up some beer goggles beauty by offering to take her to see kung-fu films, she asks "Ynu want to take me to a kung-fu film?" He responds, "No, three kung-fu films." Tarrantino was greatly influenced by Woo and other Hong Kong action directors in making his debut "Reservoir Dogs", even down to the gun in the face showdown. Nothing succeeds like excess. Back to the gun in the face. This, ynu may surmise, is one of the directorial trademarks of John Woo.

Ynu should be able to find Woo's film "The Killer" easily enough at your local video store, since it has been released domestically in a dubbed version (which will aid in comprehending the plot, since the subtitles for the original versions of most Hong Kong films are rather optically challenging). If you get hooked on "The Killer" (capsule know-it-all review: hit-man accidentally blinds

a young woman in a shoot-out. Intending to retire, he takes one last job to pay for the operation to restore her sight, and of course, is hired to kill his best friend. There are undercover cops, truth, honour, and justice involved. Plus, of course, a gun in the head showdown over tea), then ynu have to start searching for the rest. "Hard Boiled" ups the stakes from "The Killer". Starring Cheung Yow Fat, who is to the Hong Kong action film as Clint Eastwood is to the spaghetti western, the film starts with a major gun fight in a restaurant, where the villains shoot people as they flee to get them out of the way, and escalates from there. The plot involves guns, big guns and even bigger guns, all hidden in the basement of a hospital. Naturally the natal wand has to be evacuated during the climactic shoot-out, and so you have the mixture of guns and babies, providing the hallmark blend of sentimentality and violence Hong Kong action films are known for.

To get the real goods with John Woo films such as "Hard Boiled", "A Better Tomorrow", "Bullet To The Head" (as extreme as it sounds), and other examples of the Hong Kong action film industry, you can get a guided tour at Suspect Video on Markham at Bloor. You won't look back, you won't hesitate, unless of course, you have a gun to your head.



## Innis News .....



### This.

Ladies and gentlemen, is the Innis Women's Touch Football Team! Yes, yes those lovely people who got up at 7 a.m. to play (almost) every game! We had an awesome season, even though we did not have: (1) chic cotton sweats (like SMC); (2) a 30-year old professional quarterback (Erin); (3) a bunch of guys in religious habit, swinging a large brass incense burner, and cheering us on (Trin); (4) two entire teams — one offense, one defense (Vic); (5) an idiot who yells, "I got the one in green!" when the entire opposition is wearing green (Eng/Rehab); or (6) a coach!!

What we had was a bunch of roughneck girls who "covered their men", "shook their D" and "took great hits". Thanks to all for your contributions (including Dave, John, and Chris).

Oh, and by the way GUYS, we won a game — fair and square (not by default) — against the Engineers and Rehab Meds, 12-6.

### A quote from our prez...

(No-one has actually heard Aaron say a word for months.)

- Aaron Magney, ICSS President

## INNIS HAPPENINGS

**Karaoke Pub**  
tentatively set for  
February 24th

### Innis Semi- Formal

(it's only as formal as you want)

**Saturday, March 12**

**Royal York Hotel  
Ballroom**

(our smarmiest setting yet!)

**tickets available from  
the ICSS**

the shadow  
puppets

81 KENWOOD AVENUE  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
M6D 2R8  
(416) 881-2871  
CONTACT: MITCH WILLER

## the shadow puppets

**ALBUM RELEASE  
PARTY**

**MONDAY FEBRUARY 7th  
ULTRASOUND SHOWBAR  
LOUNGE  
269 QUEEN ST. W.  
(W. of University)**

**SHOW BEGINS AT 9:30PM  
FREE!**

**SHADOW PUPPET  
CDs, Cassettes & Merchandise  
WILL be on sale!!!**



This is a photo of Minesh Mandoda's band, *Parts Unknown*. Rumour has it that Minesh recently got married. We at the *Herald* are crushed as Minesh was one of Innis's most eligible bachelors.



## The Back Page .....

### Environment Week January 24 - 28, 1994

#### PROPOSED ENVIRONMENT WEEK ACTIVITIES

- build sculptures out of found resources.
- make instruments out of garbage.
- play instruments and hold a dance performance ( weather permitting ).

#### HEY FOLKS, DON'T THINK GARBAGE - THINK RESOURCES!

Objective: to educate people about garbage as a resource.

Tools: garbage (e.g. styrofoam; large items such as bicycle frames; cigarette packages; old paint), hammers, WARM CLOTHES.

Funding: ENSU (see Sophia, Jane) and OPRIG (see Andy).

- if you want to do something artistic for environment week and need some money, it can be provided, providing it is in mind of the objective above.

Under \$20 if possible...please be RESOURCEFUL

Who: please pass this information to anyone you know that might be interested e.g. musicians that might want to make instruments, student groups etc.

When: Environment Week sculpture building: Jan. 21st (Fri.) to Jan. 28th  
We need volunteers prior to E. WEEK to collect and distribute garbage to the sites during the days and the weekend.

Where: 11 sites on campus e.g. near colleges and King's College Circle and Sid Smith.  
OUTSIDE!

Contacts: Jane Hayes 429 9942, Sophia Chan 764 6793, Andy Holmberg 531 0712

## Pathetic Filler for a Desperate Paper

As reported by Pete from the ICSS

Sometime during the week of January 10, 1994, some lights crashed through one of the southern exits of Innis College (the one closer to St. George). It left a really big mess.



## Dear Andy,

I have a problem, but I can't tell you what it is. Please help me.

-Anonymous

Dear Robert,

Just soak it in warm salt water for 15 minutes every day until the swelling stops. You'll be surprised at how much fun you'll have - and the results are fantastic!

Say hi to Muffy and the kids. Best wishes.

Dear Andy,

I hope you will take the time to respond to my problem. Every morning when I get out of bed I always manage to put my right foot into my left shoe and my left into the right. This frustrates me to no end; sometimes I get so flustered I just go back to bed. It is three months into school and I still haven't left my room. Also, I'm starving! Help!

-Helpless sole

Dear sole,

I am well acquainted with your problem. It is a problem many library science students face in their first year. There is a vast literature on the subject found in section HS 693.0144B. I, myself, recommend Robert Bly's Untaming the Wild Foot Within.

Yo Andy,

I'm a guy. I like my beer. I watch plenty of boxing, hockey, and football with the guys. so don't get me wrong; I got testosterone up to my eyes. Yet, strangely, I also enjoy the silky smooth feeling of wearing pantyhose. That's O.K., right?

-Stanley, Smilin' in Silk Stockings

Dear Sicko,

You filthy disgusting pervert. You're making me sick. It's people like you who are destroying the very fabric of this great nation. On the other hand, if it really makes you happy, what the heck.

Dear Andy,

I've been thinking about sabotage a lot lately. I'm harbouring major resentment against U of T. Any non-violent suggestions?

-Peaceful but Pragmatic

Dear PBP,

Drop out.

## CHESS

by Dick Varheight

Explain.



Answer:

We Three Kings of Orient Are

